

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12 1861.

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## TERMS:

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be held to a longer period unless he has agreed to it in writing.

Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have also repeatedly decided that a postmaster who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office newspapers addressed to him, renders the Postmaster liable to the publisher for the subscription.

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

A gentleman just arrived in this city from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He informs us that 2,500 Secessionists are stationed there, for the express purpose of overawing the Union men.

It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to secession. Two men were shot last week for no other offence than speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government.

The house of the celebrated, bold hearted, and out spoken Parson Brownlow, is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed Secessionists went, at 6 o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business—

They replied that they had come to "take down them d— Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it said, "Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both!"

By the looks of that girl's eye, she will shoot, one remarked. I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady, "get more men, and come and take it down, if you dare!"

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible, than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may they wave!—Chicago Tribune.

SPEAK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative Paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box which, when opened, fills every house with pain and sorrow. How many amities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission, like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion.

It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

The man that don't advertise has got his store hung all around with shingles and pieces of barrel heads, inscribed in lamp-black with "Irish Pettaters," "Korn Meel," "Flower," "All Kinds of country produce," "Kaliker, and Kandler, For Sail bear." He says, "That ain't no sense in newspaper advertising, so long as a man is smart enuff to tend to his own business, and kin stand at the door and holler the kellers in."

## Select Poetry.

### WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

Every eve, when I'm returning  
From the labors of the day,  
As I pass a lonely cottage  
That is falling to decay,  
I behold a patient woman  
Through the little window pane,  
Looking, with an air expectant,  
Down the narrow, grassy lane.

White as snow her scanty tresses,  
Wrinkles on her thoughtful brow,  
And her cheeks are furrowed deeply  
With the lines that Time can plow.  
And I grow quite enthusiastic on the select-  
ness of the society in which I visited, and the  
great folks I knew; and I remember that I  
remained her "ever deeply attached Leonard."  
O! how I laughed when I finished  
the letter, but it was a hollow laugh, though  
the wall and hoarse cupboards rang again  
O, dear! the memory almost—I can hardly  
get on; but I will not let my feelings over-  
come me.

I posted my letter and then went and saw  
Emily, who was starting next morning, for  
rather a long visit—very long I thought it  
then—to a fashionable watering place. What  
a pleasant night we had, and how she played  
and sang to me, and said how soon I should  
forget her, and then she laughed and looked  
so pretty for she did not think I would; no,  
not for a moment. And those blue eyes of  
hers looked bluer and more lovingly when  
they reflected my own, and I gazed into her  
lovely face. But I was not quite happy. I  
felt I had done wrong; and more especially  
when I kissed her as I said good bye. It was  
the last, last time.

Three days after a letter came from Alice,  
full of romantic allusions to birds, of love and  
kindred hearts, mutual attachments and un-  
known passions; and smelling uncommon  
strong of patchouli; and ending with a re-  
quest that I would meet her at Rugby on the  
following Monday at one o'clock, near the  
bottom of High street, where she would walk  
with a sprig of myrtle in her hand, and she  
hoped I would carry a thin stick.

I do not know what evil spirit tempted me  
but I went to Rugby. "Just for the fun of  
the thing," and I walked up and down High  
street expecting her for upwards of an hour.  
At length, I saw a thin, fair, grey-eyed girl  
coming around the corner, with a sprig of  
myrtle. I was very high running away; but  
I didn't. We neared each other, she spoke,  
and called me Leonard.

"Miss Alice," I exclaimed.  
"The same, dear Leonard; how late you  
are! Here's my sister coming." And she  
introduced me and continued, "I am so fond  
of you already; are you not Emily?"  
This appeal to her sister recalled to my  
memory my angel love; and I stammered out  
something about nothing in earnest, and it  
being all a joke. Certainly she was quite in  
earnest; and did not mean it for a joke at all.  
She knew that marriages were made in hea-  
ven, and ours among the number.

She never thought—though I have often—  
how many marriages notices must have  
changed their envelopes in the act of coming  
down.

This was getting awkward; and I asked if  
she lived near, as I wished to have a few se-  
rious words with her.

"To be sure," and she simpered "dear,  
dear Leonard, how glad mamma will be to  
see you. We live just around the corner."  
I wish a mighty chasm had opened them,  
as one did in Rome once, that I might have  
offered myself a sacrifice to my own love, as  
Curtius did for his country; but alas! it did  
not. I was aroused from my reverie about  
Rome and Emily and Curtius and myself, by  
Alice's teasing me, and saying I did not look  
much like a lover.

If she had said that I did not feel like one  
she would told the truth; and she did, may  
be, as it was.

"O! here's mamma," she exclaimed, as  
we reached the door, in front of which, a tall  
matronly-looking woman stood, partly hiding  
from view a brass plate, endorsed,  
"Oakes Plumber," Alice B.—! Oakes.  
Who ever spelt Oakes with a B? Hoax!  
enough I thought.

"Won't you walk in, sir!" said mamma.  
I did—into the parlor, I suppose, for there  
was a sheet of fancy pink and white paper in  
the grate; and shepherds and shepherdesses,  
looking very stiff and dirty, and in awkward  
positions—not near so awkward as mine, tho'  
—on the mantle-piece, over which hung an  
oil painting of Mr. Oakes—as I afterward  
discovered—in an elaborate gilt frame, cov-  
ered with yellow gauze to preserve it from  
spot and blemish.

And there was a great deal of fancy net  
work lying on the table; and a piano stood  
in the corner of the room, the floor of which  
was covered with a very gaudy carpet.

These things I noticed while Alice took  
her bonnet off. When she came she thanked  
me for the many letters I had sent her. Ma-

ny letters! I had only written one. But  
she had several written in a cramped hand  
writing, which I told her were not mine. It  
seemed another had written to her. I tried  
to escape saying how sorry I was that she had  
been put to the trouble she had about me.  
But she wasn't; and if I wanted a wife, which  
I must do—or why had I come?—she would  
love me, oh! so tenderly. And she threw  
herself into my arms and began to cry.

Did you ever have a weeping girl in your  
arms, young fellow? I hope not, for you  
must have made a fool of yourself if you ever  
had. At least I did, thoroughly.

Papa came and welcomed me, and I cheer-  
ed up a little, and trusted to my luck to get  
off, soot free. We passed a very curious  
night, very, very different from that night  
with Emily. Nothing in the way of conver-  
sation, but remarks about the heavy state  
of the lead market and the dullness of the  
weather.

I retired late to my inn, having nicely es-  
caped a sentimental scene in the hall; and  
intending to run away next morning: I slept  
soundly in that determination. I awoke early,  
dressed, breakfasted, and was just getting in-  
to the omnibus, when the father stopped me  
and asked for a word in a private room.—  
What he said, I need not tell you. I got  
into a passion, so did he. At last he threat-  
ened to expose me and ruin my trade forever.  
Was I to tamper with a young and innocent  
girl's affections for nothing? No, indeed I  
wasn't; I was touched to the quick. In an  
hour we left the room together; and I have  
never looked up since. In three weeks I  
married Alice.

Emily, I heard was taken ill, and in three  
months married Cowley's brother. My cus-  
tomers and friends, when they knew all,  
which they did as soon as the babbling tongue  
of scandal got in full play, left me. My busi-  
ness declined rapidly. My wife, whose £600  
a year proved to be a capital of £1-6s-4d.,  
rates me and taunts me, and cries, and goes  
into hysterics, and gets money out of me for  
some poor deserving relative of hers—who  
would do anything for me I suppose, in the  
way of eating and drinking and spending my  
money—out each long day; and I have no  
quiet moment except when I am asleep in  
the garret by myself; for I lie there as my  
best bed is occupied by my wife (pauze!)  
and her "dear sister Emily." I am going to  
poverty quickly, and have no hope, no one  
to pity me.

As I said before, my wife is at the theater,  
Hark! there she is at the door. She must  
not see this. I sit and pretend to be asleep.  
She enters and touches me and says:  
"Arthur, asleep on your wedding night?"  
I was indeed; and had a wretched dream,  
while Emily, my own dear, little Emily had  
been disrobing at the hotel in Covent Gar-  
den, where we spent our wedding night: We  
had just arrived; and whilst she was up  
stairs, I had scanned the last sheet of a Lon-  
don periodical, full, as it always is, of mat-  
rimonial paragraphs; and tired as I was, I had  
gone to sleep with the paper in my hand and  
a love paragraph in my memory.

I told my wife, my own dear wife, about  
my dream; and we often laugh at its remem-  
brance even now, and when I am tired or  
grave at all, she sits down at my feet, cross-  
es her little round arms upon my knees, and  
asks, in such a laughing way, if I am think-  
ing of Alice B.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Life is beauti-  
fully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand  
streams, that perishes if once it is dried. It  
is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings,  
that part asunder if one be broken. Frail  
and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by  
innumerable dangers, which make it much  
more strange they escape so long, than that  
they all perish suddenly at last. We are sur-  
rounded by accidents every day, to crush the  
mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The  
seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions  
by nature. The earth and the atmosphere,  
whence we draw the breath of life, is pregnant  
with death—health is made to operate its  
own destruction? The food that nourishes,  
contains the elements of its decay; the soul that  
animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear  
it out by its own action; death lurks in am-  
bush along our paths. Notwithstanding this  
is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the  
daily examples before your eyes, how little do  
we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors  
perish among us, but how seldom does  
it occur to our thoughts, that our knell shall,  
perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the  
world!

"My motto through life," says J. J.  
Astor, "has been, work and advertise. In  
business, advertising is the true philosopher's  
stone that turns whatever it touches into gold.  
I have advertised much, and for every one  
hundred dollars invested in this way I have  
realized a thousand."

Some one blamed Mr. March for changing  
his mind. "Well," said he, "that's just the dif-  
ference between a man and a jackass, the jack-  
ass can't change his mind, and a man can, it's  
a human privilege."

Wonderful Log Rolling out West.  
An Englishman who was lately travelling  
on the Mississippi River told some tough sto-  
ries about the London thieves. A Cincinnati  
chap, named Case, heard these narratives  
with a silent but expressive "humph", and  
then remarked that he thought the western  
thieves beat the London operators all hollow.  
"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with  
surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much  
in the West?"  
"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up  
a business at the Des Moines Rapids a while  
ago, but the rascally people stole everything  
I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with  
my wife."  
"Good Gracious!" said the Englishman,  
"and you never found her?"  
"Never to this day. But that was not the  
worst of it."  
"Worst! Why, what could be worse than  
stealing a man's wife?"  
"Stealing his children, I should say," said  
the implacable Case.  
"Children!"  
"Yes, for a nigger woman who hadn't any  
of her own, abducted my youngest daughter,  
and sloped and joined the Ingins."  
"Great heavens! Did you see her do it?"  
"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods  
the start of me; but she plunges into the  
lake and swam like a duck, and there wasn't  
a canoe to follow her with."  
The Englishman laid back in his chair and  
called for another mug of aff-ann-af, while  
Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend  
at the same time, most remorselessly.  
"—I shan't go any farther West—I do  
think," at length observed the excited John  
Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said  
Case quietly. "My brother once lived there,  
but he had to leave, although his business  
was the best in the country."  
"What business was he in, pray?"  
"Lumbering—and a saw-mill."  
"And they stole his lumber?"  
"Yes, and his saw-logs too."  
"Saw logs!"  
"Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut  
logs were carried off in a single night—true,  
upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to  
prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs,  
but it was all of no use. They would whip  
'em away as easily as if there had been no-  
body there. They would steal them out of  
the river, out of the cove, and even out of  
the mill ways."  
"Good Gracious!"  
"Just to give you an idea how they can  
steal out here," continued Case, sending a sly  
wink at the listening company, "just to give  
you an idea—did you ever work in a saw  
mill?"  
"Never."  
"Well, my brother one day bought an all-  
fired fine black walnut log—four feet three  
at the but and not a knot in it. He was de-  
termined to keep that log, anyhow, and hired  
two Scotchmen to watch it all night.—  
Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey,  
with them, snaked the log up the side hill  
above the mill, and built a fire, and then set  
down on the log to play keards, just to keep  
awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log  
—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was  
saying, they played keards and drunk whis-  
key all night, and, as it began to grow light,  
went to sleep a straddle of the log. About a  
minute after day light, George went over to  
the mill to see how they got on, and the log  
was gone!"

"And they sitting on it?"  
"Sitting on the bark. The thieves had  
drove an iron wedge into the but end, which  
pinned down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen  
on, and pulled it right out, leaving the bark  
and the Scotchmen setting a straddle of it,  
fast asleep."  
The Englishman here rose, dropped his cig-  
ar stump into the spittoon, and looking at  
his watch, said he thought that he would  
go on deck and see how far we'd be down  
the river before morning.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more touch-  
ing and charming than that of a young and  
timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led  
up trembling to the altar.

When I thus beheld a lovely girl in the  
tenderness of her years, forsaking the house  
of her father and the home of her childhood—  
and with the implicit confidence and the  
sweet self-abandonment which belongs to wo-  
men, giving up all the world for the man of  
her choice; when I hear her, in the good old  
language of the ritual, yielding herself to  
him, "for better for worse, for richer for  
poorer, in sickness and in health, to love,  
honor and obey, till death do us part,"—It  
brings to mind the beautiful and affecting de-  
votion of Ruth—"Whither thou goest I will  
go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy  
people shall be my people, and thy God my  
God."—Irving.

## Andrew Jackson's Three Swords.

Jackson's life, says the New York Times,  
was full of opportunities for the display of pa-  
triotism and courage, if not always of practi-  
cal wisdom and calm statesmanship. He was  
certainly, to an unexampled degree, an ob-  
ject of popular idolatry. Tennessee pre-  
sented him with a sword; the citizens of Phila-  
delphia gave him another; and the riflemen  
of New Orleans endowed him with a third.—  
We mention only these among the hundred  
other testimonials that honored his active ca-  
reer or graced his retirement, because they  
have a history connected with the present as  
well as the past—a history which, were the  
dead permitted to speak, would evoke a voice  
of indignant denunciation from the old hero's  
grave.

By his will, Gen. Jackson bequeathed the  
first of the three swords to his nephew and  
adopted son, Andrew Jackson Donelson;—  
the second to his grandson, Andrew Jackson,  
Jr., and the third to his grand-nephew, An-  
drew Jackson Coffee. The clause relative to  
the first runs thus—  
"Seventh—I bequeath to my well beloved  
nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel  
Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword pre-  
sented to me by the State of Tennessee, with  
this injunction, that he fail not to use it in  
support and protection of our glorious Union,  
when necessary, and for the protection of the  
constitutional rights of our beloved country,  
should they be assailed by foreign enemies or  
domestic traitors."

Where is Andrew J. Donelson now, and to  
what use is he applying this legacy of his  
great kinsman, consumed to his presumed  
patriotism, accompanied with so solemn  
an injunction? In the ranks of rebellion,  
fighting against "Our glorious Union!" Am-  
ong "domestic traitors," battling for the  
overthrow of "the constitutional rights of our  
country" through the destruction of the Con-  
stitution itself. Again—  
"I bequeath to my beloved grandson, An-  
drew Jackson, son of Andrew Jackson, Jr.,  
and Sarah, his wife, the sword presented to  
me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this  
injunction, that he will always use it in de-  
fence of the Constitution and our glorious  
Union, and the perpetuation of our Republi-  
can system."

And where is this Andrew Jackson, hon-  
ored by his patriotic grandfather, and where  
is the sword intrusted to his keeping? It is  
rusting in his scabbard at home, while trea-  
son is hewing at the Constitution, and the  
cannon of rebellion thundering against the  
Union. The degenerate grandson is himself  
on the side of the traitors, aiding by his in-  
fluence and his money the conspirators who  
are thus in arms against both, and who are  
battling for the overthrow of our "republican  
system."

And again—  
"To my grand-nephew, Andrew Jackson  
Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword pre-  
sented to me by the Rifle Company of New Or-  
leans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memo-  
rial of my regard, and to bring to his re-  
collection the gallant services of his deceased  
father, Gen. John Coffe, in the late Indian  
and British wars, under my command, and  
his gallant conduct in defence of New Or-  
leans in 1814—15, with this injunction, that  
he wield it in protection of the rights secured  
to the American citizen under our glorious  
Constitution, against all invaders, whether  
foreign foes or intestine traitors."

Where again is Andrew Jackson Coffee,  
and in what cause is he wielding the gift of  
his benefactor? He too is among the traitors,  
and the sword placed in his hands for the  
"protection of the rights secured to the  
American citizen under our glorious Consti-  
tution," is pointed at the hearts of loyal men,  
and whetted for the destruction of that "glo-  
rious Constitution" that he was so solemnly  
enjoined to defend.

Such is thus far the melancholy history of  
these three swords, each the legacy of a great  
man to his kinsmen, and such the uses to  
which they are applied. If facts were want-  
ing to illustrate the commonplaces touching  
the degeneracy of the successors of great men,  
how abundantly are they furnished in the  
story of this will and its consequences?

## Be kind to the Aged.

Age when whitening for the tomb, is an  
object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—  
hopes of self have ceased. They linger  
with the young, they pray for the young while  
their spirits are looking beyond the grave—  
and oh! how careful should the young be to  
reward the aged with their fresh warm hearts,  
to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spar-  
tans looked upon a reverential respect for old  
age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind  
to those who are in the autumn of life, for  
thou knowest not what suffering they may have  
endured; or how much of it may still be their  
portion. Do they seem unreasonably and dis-  
posed to find fault or murmur? Allow not  
thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke  
them not, for doubtless many have been the  
crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps  
the dispositions, while in the spring time of  
life, were more flexible than thine own. Do  
they require aid of thee? then render it  
cheerfully, forget not that the time may come  
when thou mayest desire the assistance from  
others, that thou renderest unto them. Do  
all that is needful for the old, and do it with  
alacrity, and think it is not hard if much is  
required at thy hand, lest when age sets its  
seal on thy brow and fills thy limbs with  
trembling, others may wait unwillingly, and  
feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered  
thy face forever.—H. W. Beecher.

CHIFF CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup mol-  
lasses, one cup butter, one cup eggs, five cups  
flour, one teaspoonful saleratus, spice to your  
taste.

DIGNITY.—An ignorant man who "stands  
upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried  
to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of  
broken paper.